THE EXAMINER.

No. 447. SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1816.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 436.

MR. SHERIDAN'S FUNERAL.

Mr. SHERIDAN does not want the pen of a Journalist to keep his name in people's memories; but we do not like the way in which the celebrated dead are dismissed in newspapers, and cannot but take this opportunity to give him another article.

Besides, dead men of any celebrity are worth a good deal now-a-days. Not that we think there are no eminent persons living, or that Mr. SHERIDAN, though a lasting name, was a *great* man, in any sense of the word; though it became the *Courier* well enough to call him so. The *Courier*'s friends, all round, thought Mr. SHERIDAN a great man, we have no doubt, and despaired of finding his equal. It is one of the most *naïve* and unequivocal signs of the times, to have seen him described so, in such a quarter.

But there is a great deficiency of talent just now in the high places,—no mind informing the ruling machines,—nothing solid upon which to hang the world's ornaments. The *Courier* says as much, and he is right. Numbers are spotted with stars, and streaked with ribbons, just as leopards or zebras are, or the clowns in pantomime; but he must be a very bad clown, who has not got more to say for himself. Intellect has gone to bed like the sun. It is in the retired places, and there perhaps greater than it has been for some time;—perhaps also, waiting to come forth again with more overpowering lustre;—but elsewhere,—Mr. SHERIDAN, as the *Courier* says, is gone. The aristocracy of the world is in paltry condition; and Emperors, Kings, and Ministers, lead us like so many capital letters at the heads of chapters, covered with what the painters call grotesque. Letter G. is just as much flourished as Letter B., and has just as much right to his decorations. Each, after all, is but a cypher.

But we not only miss Mr. SHERIDAN in point of intellect,—we miss him also in that liberal and genial description of it, which made pleasant the light which it shed. We miss the graceful, the classical, the social, the smiling part of public life,—the *literæ vere humaniores*,—the sunny side of *the town*. The vice and the virtue are equally gross,—the one all successful presumption, the other all intolerant egotism. If it were not for some that we could name, and perhaps for some saving propensities in others, of a better description than they are aware of, we should almost fancy that a compromise were about to take place between cavaliers without wit and puritans without singleness; and that these two, licensed only for themselves, were to make us as submissive and as dull as the brutes.

It is curious that just at the same time Death should take from us others of a liberal and delightful cast in their respective professions. The most liberal and accomplished Prelate on the bench, Dr. WATSON, of Landaff, died a few days ago, and left his place to be occupied by *Herbert Marsh!* Just before him (if the said HERBERT will not accuse us of mingling things sacred and profane) died one of the last surviving masters of the English school of harmony, and a most excellent and even learned man into the bargain,—SAMUEL WEBBE,—any one of whose compositions will go further towards making society accordant and happy, than all HERBERT's polemics. Just at the same moment, news has arrived of the death of another celebrated musician, PAESIELLO. And lastly,—as if to accompany the close of his life, and like one of the women who die purposely with the sultan in some parts of the East, Mrs. JORDAN has just left the world she delighted so much. We do not mean to defend the errors of her life, whatever they were,—her contradictions of those customs in society, which grow venerable from universal suffrage, and have their beauties and uses besides. But she was one of a class, which in her earlier times at least almost had customs of its own; and which in return for being kept aloof from society, despised it;—and be this as it may, she was, naturally, one of the most delightful persons that appeared of late years on the stage, keeping up the beauties of nature in the very thick of art and sophistication; and shewing us how delightful a human creature is, if it is at all cordial and genuine. She read the finest lesson to virtue that can be imagined; for she shewed how triumphant was the power of pleasing,—its true end and object; and thus she warned it against letting mere pleasingness run before it, and against mistaking the vices of affectation and disagreeableness and dogmatism, for any thing better than egotistic mistakes. Her laugh alone had in it a world of ready humanity, and her voice was cordial music.—But to return to our immediate subject.

On Saturday week Mr. SHERIDAN was buried in Westminster Abbey,—a place most interesting certainly for the dead and the monuments it contains, and in which no deceased person of eminence is refused a grave, provided, we believe, one English objection, not of the best kind, is done away,—the want of a very costly fee. Whether this demand was waived in the present instance, or who it was that came forward with it, we should like to know. In either case, honour would be due to somebody. That classical wit and most excellent man, GARTH, would have made himself justly celebrated, if he had done nothing else but help to bury DRYDEN,—to say nothing of the elegant Latin speech he made over him *.

The body had been removed to the house of Mr. SHERIDAN's friend, PETER MOORE, Esq.; and at one o'clock, the procession moved to the Abbey. "About fifty special invitations to the personal friends of the deceased," say the newspapers, "had been sent out by Mr. CHARLES B.

* We hope that the Princess CHARLOTTE, among her greater poets, is not unaware, that GARTH has celebrated her future country-seat in his poem of *Claremont*,—not because it is his best poem, but because it is pleasant to the occupier of a beautiful spot, who has any cordial taste, to know the men that have praised it; and because the liking such men as GARTH will do her more good, and tend to make her and her future subjects infinitely more happy, than all the lectures of bigoted and presumptuous egotists.

Sheridan, his amiable son, instead of the invitations being left, as they generally are, to the undertaker. Many other persons, admirers of Mr. Sheridan, and among others, all the old and respectable performers of Drury-lane Theatre, voluntarily attended to shew this last mark of respect to the man who had thrown such splendour on the drama, and exerted himself so unremittingly in support of the Constitution of his country." The Procession indeed appears to have been such as it should. The Pall-Bearers were the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, the Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Lord Robert Spencer. Then came, with a few others, Mr. Charles Sheridan (Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the other son, is abroad), and Henry Ogle, Esq., and William Linley, Esq. relations of the successive wives of Mr. Sheridan, in mourning cloaks; and then followed, among a long list of names, of different merits and parties, the Dukes of York and Sussex, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Yarmouth, and Sir Benjamin Bloomfield (two of the Prince's men), Earl Thanet, Viscount Sidmouth, Lord Erskine, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Canning, Sir Ronald Ferguson, Sir Samuel Romilly, Samuel Rogers, Esq., John Hobhouse, Esq., Scroope Davies, Esq., Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, Hon. Captain Bennet, Peter Moore, Esq., &c. &c. On the arrival of the corpse, it was immediately deposited in the grave, "it being the strange and unedifying practice of the Cathedral," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "not to perform the whole of the elegant and sublime service, except the interment is made in the Church of the Abbey." An exquisite reason truly! A man is worth two collects to one, according as he lies a yard or so this way or that! It certainly is of little consequence; especially as it appears, after all, that the service stood little chance of being done justice to by the reader. But if these things are done at all, we conceive they should be done fully and well. The only real part of the devotion sometimes lies where ignorance least looks for it,—in the taste. The other day a funeral service took place in the Portuguese Chapel, near Grosvenor-square, in honour of the late Queen of Portugal, and amidst a quantity of inferior ornament, some noble compositions were played by Mr. Novello from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Portogallo. Now if ever devotion speaks with an audible voice, and heaven seems to answer it, it is in performances like those; and if the Queen of Portugal, poor woman, had such strains to honour her departure (and we do not at all mean to say that she should not have had them), what should we do for those who deserve our political gratitude, and have left eternal food for our enjoyment? If we did not chuse to think of the latter, if we found nothing pathetic in the very contrast,—yet we might have thought of the former; and fitted the dignity of the recollection to that of the moment.—But enough of this.

Some difficulty, it seems, was experienced in finding room for the body;—a circumstance, we are afraid, calculated to alarm the Poet-Laureate, or at least to make him discover, that Westminster Abbey is not so illustrious a cemetery as it might be. However, the place was obtained at last, and situate fortunately in the spot most adapted to him,—near Addison's statue, with Garrick's monument on the right wall, Mrs. Oldfield's on the left, and Goldsmith's right opposite. Cumberland is also near him. The circumstance will perhaps give a new impulse for a time to the visits paid to the Abbey. A leisure hour cannot be better spent. We seem personally present with the illustrious dead, who seem, as it were, to assure us of immortality, and to render the idea of it beautiful as well as sure. Here lie wisdom and wit of all degrees, fancy and imagination, the industry of the politician, and ardour of the poet:—here at least lie the mantles they wore,—the human houses their spirits lived in. Here, in these two particular spots, sacred to the imaginative faculty, lie two out of the four great masters of English poetry, Chaucer and Spenser.* Here also are the playful Gay, the vigorous Dryden, the terse Denham, the sprightly Prior, the reflective Cowley, the polite Davenant, the fanciful Drayton, the twin-reveller Beaumont, the learned and most potent Ben Johnson.†

With these names in our head, and Sheridan's among them, we take leave of his mortal remains.

☞

* Shakspear's monument, as most of our readers probably know, is only a cenotaph. So is Thomson's.

† It is pleasant to find, that the well known and striking epitaph which is here seen—"O Rare Ben Jonson"—was what it appears to be,—an effusion of the moment. Aubrey says, that it "was done at the charge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted, who walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it." We are glad that Jack knew how to cut out a fortune as well as an epitaph.

THE REV. HENRY C. C. NEWMAN,

RECTOR OF THE PARISH OF ST. GEORGE AND TOWN OF ROSEAU, DOMINICA, &c. &c.

A notice was lately promised of the conduct of a Reverend Divine in Dominica, and we now perform the task. And first let this Christian Minister be heard in his own words:—

(From the Dominica Chronicle and Roseau Gazette,—Wednesday, April 17, 1816.)

TO THE PUBLIC.

On Sunday evening last was exhibited, in the burial ground of this parish, one of the most scandalous and indecent scenes that ever disgraced a Christian community. Some friends of the late John Brown, a free man of colour, a serjeant in the Royal St. George's Regiment, had applied to me to bury him as a pauper, to which I consented; the hour for his interment proposed by them and agreed to by me was four: I particularly desired them to be punctual, which they assured me they would be, as I was engaged *to dine* in town. I waited, however, at home until past five o'clock, when observing several of the Militia only then going to the house of the deceased, who was to be buried with military honours, and concluding before the parties could be properly marshaled and regaled with wine and porter, of which some of them, it is presumed from the sequel of their conduct, must have taken at least *a sufficient dose*, that I should have time to dine, I went into town for that purpose. At a quarter past six o'clock their procession commenced. About twenty minutes before seven o'clock they reached the burial ground, when not finding me on the spot, their pride and consequence, at once, took fire, and without giving me any notice that they were assembled and ready for me, and without having the patience or the decency to wait five minutes for me, in which time I could easily have joined them, although they were incensed that I did not wait nearly three hours for their pleasure, strangers altogether to those serious and sober feelings which so solemn an occasion was naturally calculated to excite, they instantaneously broke out into the most tumultuous uproar and confusion, hustling my Clerk, and nearly throwing him into the grave, vociferating the intemperance of their resentment in horrible threats and imprecations, to the great shock and annoyance of the whole neighbourhood.

I appeal to every candid and impartial person, whether it could be reasonably expected that I should have confined myself at home nearly three hours beyond the time appointed by them, merely for the sake of indulging those gentry in their parade and ostentation of burying their honest but *insolvent* Serjeant with all the honours of a renowned military hero. I know of no law that compels a Clergyman to do so.

I strongly suspect that these base suggestions against me, in the name of the Coloured People, have not originated with them, from whom I have always experienced a very different treatment, but with some White Person of a black heart, who has made a tool of them.

I therefore offer a Reward of Five Guineas to any person who will prove who were the Abettors and Ringleaders in this affray, in order that they may be brought to condign and exemplary punishment.

"All affrays" (says Blackstone) "in a Church or Church-yard are esteemed very heinous offences, as being indignities to him to whose service those places are consecrated. Therefore mere quarrelsome words, which are neither an affray nor an offence in any other place, are penal here; for it is enacted by Statute 5 and 6, Edw. 6. c. 4, that if any Person shall, by words only, quarrel, chide or brawl, in a Church or Church-yard, the Ordinary shall suspend him, if a Layman, *ab ingressu Ecclesiæ*; and if a Clerk in Orders, from the ministration of his office during pleasure."

It is but justice that I should except from the above charge several Persons of Colour who were present, and conducted themselves, as I am informed, not only with great decorum and propriety, but expressed themselves much shocked at the indecorum and turbulence of others.

HENRY C. C. NEWMAN,
Rector of the Parish of St. George and Town of Roseau.

To this meek and dignified and liberal Statement, the friends of the deceased "honest but *insolvent* Serjeant" immediately replied as follows:—

(From the Dominica Chronicle and Roseau Gazette,—Wednesday, April 24, 1816.)

TO THE PUBLIC.

In consequence of a publication by the Rev. Mr. Newman, in the *Dominica Chronicle* of the 17th instant, we feel it our bounden duty to make this plain statement of the facts which occurred as to the interment of the late unfortunate John Brown, deceased. It appears that the Reverend, aware of a Memorial being intended to be sent to his Honour President Lucas, complaining of the want of funeral rights to the deceased, prepared his Address to the Public, in the hope of persuading this community of his readiness at all times to attend his ecclesiastical duties. But we humbly remark that such general readiness is not the case, as we have good proofs that the corps of John Brown *is not the first that has been neglected, and allowed to remain a whole night on the surface of the earth in the Burial Ground, without the Funeral Service being performed till the hour of eight o'clock the next morning.* It is stated, that the Funeral of the *insolvent* Brown was removed from the house where he died, at a quarter past six o'clock on *Easter Sunday* evening, the 15th instant. Now we are ready to declare on our oaths, that the procession moved off from the house of the deceased at five o'clock, and arrived on the Burial Ground at three quarters past five. As to the supposition of the party of Militia having taken time to regale themselves with wine and porter, we forbear *(from motives of delicacy)* to make any further remarks, than that the distressed circumstances of our much regretted fellow soldier, and the lamentable situation of his poor wife (who is blind) could neither afford the means, or give encouragement to such regale. And we feel ourselves compelled to state to the world, that there were many attending the funeral who did not (from want of means) taste of wine, porter, or any drink whatever. To the observation of some White Person with a black heart having made a tool of us, we solemnly declare no White Person of any description has been consulted upon the occasion, or given us any advice. And we do declare, that, if it is required, we can produce several Gentleman, who will have no objection in coming forward to confirm the time, as above stated, of the Funeral being at the Burying Ground.

Serjeant James E. Merrifield (Commanding), Tobias Smith, Thomas Winston, John J. Dumas, William Day, Charles Giroux, Nöel L'Abbé, C. L. Leger, William Cubbin, Joseph Bernard, David Rainy, P. Finne, William Richardson.

The Rector of St. George now becomes exceeding wroth, and thus proceeds:—

(From the Dominica Chronicle and Roseau Gazette,—Wednesday, May 1, 1816.)

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,—I shall not degrade myself by entering into any discussion or correspondence with the Persons of Colour who have grossly abused me in your paper, nor shall I condescend to take any further notice of them, except in a Court of Justice, where I pledge myself to indict them for that conduct; and should they be hardy enough, which God forbid, to hazard the rash oath which they declare themselves ready to make in such Court, I now give them this wholesome caution, for I should be sorry that they should be found guilty of such wickedness, that I shall indict every one of them for wilful, deliberate, and malicious perjury.—The Public, if they can take any interest in the clamours of these gentry, will be able to judge of their consistency by the subjoined Notarial Document taken at the Chief Judge's Chambers, in which they think proper to wave the oath which, with rather more valour than discretion, they volunteered to make.—For the correctness of my first statement on this subject, and for the falsehood of theirs, I can appeal to the testimony of the Chief Judge, the Hon. J. Hobson, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Righton, Mr. J. Righton, Mr. Richards, Mr. Rawnsley, Mr. Farendon, and several others, and I leave it to the dispassionate and unbiased mind to compare the weight of *such* testimony with that of men who were capable, in violation and defiance of all law, human and divine, to commit an affray over the remains of their deceased friend, and that in a church-yard and on the Sabbath day.

H. C. C. NEWMAN.

Roseau, April 27, 1816.

James Merrifield, Tobias Smith, Charles Giroux, and Nöel L'Abbé, free men of colour of the said Island, having been asked in the presence of his Honour the Chief Judge at his Chambers, to make affidavit agreeably to their declaration in the Newspaper of the 24th inst. that they were ready to do so, were each individually and collectively asked if they were ready to swear by the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God to the truth of their statement in the Newspaper, respecting the time the corpse of the late John Brown was removed from the house where he died, and to the time the body reached the grave, to which Tobias Smith, in the first instance, consented; but while I was preparing the affidavit he asked leave to consult with the others concerned; on his return with those before-mentioned, he refused as well as the others, to make the Affidavit required. After a pause they expressed their readiness to make the Affidavit in a Court of Justice when called there by Mr. Newman.

WILLIAM BRUCE,
Notary Public.

Roseau, April 29th, 1816.

Thomas Winston, John J. Dumas, C. L. Leger, William Cubbin, Joseph Bernard and David Rainy, (Peter Finne and William Richardson were reported to be off the Island) having been asked in the presence of his Honor the Chief Judge at his Chambers, were each individually and collectively asked if they were ready to swear by the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God to the truth of their statement in the Newspaper respecting the time the corpse of the late John Brown was removed from the house where he died, and to the time the body reached the grave: when James Merrifield as their spokesman declared, to which they asserted that they would not make any Affidavit now, but would prove their assertions if required to do so, in a Court of Justice.

WILLIAM BRUCE.
Notary Public.

The People of Colour then briefly conclude the Correspondence thus:—

(From the Dominica Chronicle and Roseau Gazette,—Wednesday, May 8, 1816.)

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,—In answer to the statement of the Rev. Mr. Newman in the *Dominica Chronicle* of the 1st inst. in which he says, that he will not degrade himself by any further discussion in Correspondence with us,—We beg leave to thank him for his generosity, and we shall follow his admirable system by silence, until called upon by a Court of Justice.

J. E. Merrifield, Tobias Smith, Thomas Winston, John J. Dumas, William Day, Charles Giroux, Noël L'Abbé, C. L. Leger, William Cubbin, Joseph Bernard, David Rainy, Peter Finne, William Richardson.

From all these statements, it appears to us very clear, that *all* the parties implicated conducted themselves with much impropriety. The soldiers should, if possible, have been more punctual; they should certainly have waited patiently till the Rector had dined; and at all events, they should have behaved with due decorum on the ground, and not have used violent expressions, and hustled the Clerk nearly into the grave. Their improper behaviour admits of no *excuse*. Something however may be urged in *palliation*, which is, that on such occasions, when a number of people are to be collected together, a nice attention to time is almost impossible; and that the conduct of the Rector, who had before left a dead body all night on the surface of the ground, was previously known to them; which doubtless operated to produce the exclamations and violence before condemned. And not to mention the humble habits of these people, it will possibly be granted that some irritation might very justly have been felt by them on being informed, as we are assured they were,—though perhaps without due authority,—that if they would leave the body of their friend, he should be interred the next morning.

Be this however as it may, and wrong as their behaviour may have been, what is to be said for that of the Rev. Henry C. C. Newman, Rector of St. George? He knew well, that *he* should have been the last man to have got up and rebuked anybody for indecent and scandalous conduct, for he had before acted most indecently and scandalously, and shown a sad want of "those serious and sober feelings which so solemn an occasion was naturally calculated to excite," in having left a dead body a whole night on the ground unburied, without being able to advance any sort of excuse for such a shameful neglect of all his duties. And suppose that for once he had given up the pleasures of a dinner party, and waited at home an hour or two, on *such* an occasion, would it have lowered his character for temperance, for patience, or for kind-heartedness? We think not: but the Rector must dine out, though he even witnessed the preparations for the funeral, and though he knew enough of the customs of the Islands to be sure that the people would not go soberly to a funeral—no, hardly even the richest persons there—who are always first plentifully regaled with red and white noyeau, burnt madeira, &c. &c. before they think of proceeding to the place of interment.

Some time previous to the flight of the Rev. H. C. C. Newman to the West Indies, we came to the knowledge of a man, an Ecclesiastic too, who in one respect was like the deceased Serjeant, for he also was "insolvent." Would we could add, that he was "honest." The truth however is, that he was insolvent and *not* honest. This man was likewise very fond of "dining out," and was, to speak plainly, a jovial, singing, flattering, insinuating Sensualist. Nor was this all: in his career of indulgence, like most other egotists, he was utterly regardless of the welfare of others, whose best interests he coolly sacrificed without consideration of consequences. In one instance which came immediately before us, by his abundant art and vicious industry, he materially assisted to involve a whole family in distress, and bring to a premature grave one of the most excellent and honoured of human beings. This orthodox Churchman could also *talk* of "serious and sober feelings" and Christian duties, and all that! He had in truth many pleasant qualities, but he was wanting in those best of ornaments, the graces of an honest mind.

Perhaps the Rector of St. George may recollect something of this ordained Reprobate.

J.

[Some notice of Mr. Newman's associates in our next.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, JULY 13.—An Ordonnance of the King contains the following:—

"Wishing to give new lustre to the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, and to solemnize the fete of our august ancestor, Henry IV. Patron of the Order, &c. we confer the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour upon our well-beloved brother Monsieur, our well-beloved nephew the Duke of Angouleme, our well-beloved nephew the Duke of Berri, our cousin the Duke of Orleans, our cousin the Prince of Conde, and upon our cousin the Duke of Bourbon."

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

This Gazette announces that the Prince Regent has ordered a Conge d'Elire to pass the Great Seal, empowering the Dean and Chapter of Landaff to elect a Bishop of that See, in the room of Dr. Watson, late Bishop thereof; and recommending Dr. Herbert Marsh to be by them elected.

BANKRUPTS.

S. Walker, Mark-lane, ship-broker. Attorney, Mr. Gaines, Caroline-street.

P. and W. Pidgeon, Stock Exchange Coffee-house, tavern-keepers. Attornies, Messrs. Alliston and Co. Cornhill.

S. Cattel, Daventry, carpenter. Attorney, Mr. Langloh, Gray's-inn-square.

J. Johnson, Whittlesey, farmer. Attornies, Messrs. Sandys and Co. Crane-court, Fleet-street.

J. and J. Aspinall, Liverpool, bankers. Attornies, Messrs. Avison and Wheeler, Liverpool.

J. Goode, Leicester, hosier. Attornies, Messrs. Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street.

W. Fletcher, Bridekirk, flax-dresser. Attorney, Mr. Clennell, Staple-inn.

J. Antram, Southampton, butcher. Attornies, Messrs. Willis and Co. Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street.

J. Cooke, Coxhoe, banker. Attornies, Messrs. Swain and Co. Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

T. K. Yates, P. Kilgour, and J. Yates, Manchester, calico-printers. Attorney, Mr. Ellis, Chancery-lane.

R. Crye, Liverpool, joiner. Attornies, Messrs. Blackstock and Bunce, Temple.

W. France, Newtown, linen-draper. Attornies, Messrs. Clarke and Richards, Chancery-lane.

J. Jacobs and J. Hayward, Woodbridge, merchants. Attorney, Mr. Nelson, Barnard's-inn.

D. Ward and S. Smith, Liverpool, earthenware-dealers. Attornies, Messrs. Griffith and Hinde, Liverpool.

L. Hansen, Liverpool, broker. Attorney, Mr. Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn.

S. Robinson, Sculcoates, ship-chandler. Attorney, Mr. Ellis, Chancery-lane.

G. Beaumont, Crowle, woollen-draper. Attornies, Messrs. Exley, and Co. Furnival's-inn.

T. B. Johnson, Liverpool, printer. Attornies, Messrs. Lowes and Cowburn, Temple.

J. Carter, West Pennard, jobber. Attornies, Messrs. Bleasdale and Co. New-inn.

K. Tidbury, Woodford Mills, paper-manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Besant, Furnival's-inn.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

D. Bagley, Sedgley, Staffordshire, iron-master.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Thomson, Broad-street-buildings, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Noy and Hardstone, Mincing-lane.

G. Taylor and G. Jarman, Fenchurch-street, sail-cloth-merchants. Attornies, Messrs. Swaine and Co. Old Jewry.

J. Shutt, Paternoster-row, tea-dealer. Attornies, Messrs. Pownall and Fairthorne, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.

J. Wilson, Manchester, warehouseman. Attornies, Messrs. Willis, Clarke, and Co. Warnford-court.

J. Lawson, Sheffield, mercer. Attorney, Mr. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row.

E. Tebay, Hastings, ironmonger. Attorney, Mr. Wilson, Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street.
G. Dawson, Great St. Helens, Cripplegate, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Allingham, St. John's-square.
J. Armstrong, Addle-street, Aldermanbury, dealer. Attornies, Messrs. Chapman, Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.
W. Tozer, Crediton, Devonshire, saddler. Attornies, Messrs. Andros and Alderson, Warnford-court.
T. Moss, Blandford-street, Manchester-square, linen-draper. Attornies, Messrs. Webster and Son, Queen-street, Cheapside.
E. Meeson, Aldermanbury. Attornies, Messrs. Slade and Jones, Gray's Inn-square.
T. North, Sheffield, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden.
J. Cradocke, Downing-street, Westminster, picture-dealer. Attorney, Mr. Rigby, Golden-square.
J. Escudier, Pulteney Hotel, Piccadilly, victualler. Attornies, Messrs. Dawson and Wrattislaw, Saville-place.
J. Wills, Keynsham, Somerset, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
I. Stott, Salford, Lancashire, butcher. Attornies, Messrs. Clarke and Richards, Chancery-lane.
J. Dalrymple, Liverpool, corn-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Clarke and Richards, Chancery-lane.
R. Hobbes, Stratford-upon-Avon, money-scrivener. Attorney, Messrs. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row.
W. Kaye, Barnard-Castle, Durham, woollen-draper. Attorney, Mr. Battye, Chancery-lane.
W. Davies, Argoed, Monmouthshire, dealer. Attorney, Mr. King, Serjeant's Inn.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.
3 per Cent. Consols ..... 6 7/8 64.

THE EXAMINER.

London, July 21.

There is little news from Paris this week. The nomination of all the Princes to places in Bonaparte's *Legion of Honour* has been formally registered; and four Noblemen, each two from the two regimes, have been added to the list of Marshals,—the Duke de Coigny, the Count de Beurnonville, the Duke de Feltre, and the Count de Viomenil. We thought that Feltre had been a Marshal before;—very likely he thought he *ought* to have been.

It is said that of the *poor* creatures convicted of the conspiracy at Paris, sixteen, including the three condemned to death, had appealed in Cassation; and four, three of whom are condemned to transportation and the other to five year's imprisonment, had declined to appeal. Pleignier's wife threw herself into Louis's way with a petition; but he made a signal of rejection, and went on. What! Did she not know that he never pardons? The great Bonapartists indeed are somehow or other not touched, and the great republicans; but wherever the law has marked out inferior ones for punishment, punishment they are sure to have.

The *National* Guards are, it is said, to take the name of the *Royal Sedentary* Guards,—Colonel his Majesty, we suppose, in the *Chair*. The Guards of Paris, it seems, have lately received a larger gratuity than ever Bonaparte gave them. This is imitating him to some purpose, at least; but what does it shew us?

Particulars have at length been received of the massacre at Bona. The Algerines attribute it to a demand made by Lord Exmouth, that their fleet should be burnt. It does not appear likely however, from the remarkable consideration with which these robbers were treated in the first instance, that any such demand was made; but whether it was or not, it appears that they are to pay for their bad habits at last; unless indeed, upon the Dey's looking very legitimate and expressing himself like a well-behaved European robber, he is allowed to have terms again. Blake,—whose bones were dug up by Louis the Fourteenth's pensioner Charles the Second,—would have settled the rogues in a trice, for the honour of England.

The report originating with a foolish star-gazer at Bologna, that the world was to be at an end on the 18th instant, seems to have made a greater sensation than some of the circulators of it contemplated. We feared it might, when we first saw it in the papers; and this induced us to notice it as we did. People with all their faculties about them, and in good health and spirits, may laugh at these things; but the sick, the superstitious, the weak of all descriptions, in body or in mind,—those that are called nervous, in short, without much knowledge or reflection to help their infirmity, or perhaps even in spite of both, if it is considerable, are very likely to be affected by them; and such appears actually to have been the case in various parts of Europe. In Paris an astronomer of the name of Rouy announced that he would dissipate the alarms of the timid by explaining the nature of the spots in the sun,—the first cause of the rumour,—a proceeding which the *Courier* calls a puff for his lectures, and which may have been so, but at the same time it may *not* have been so, for an astronomer is not bound to be like the *Courier's* patrons. If such be the sensations in Paris, where the people have a talent at throwing off disquietude, as the birds do rain from their feathers, we may imagine the effect in England, and in gloomy weather too. One unfortunate creature, a maid servant at Kennington, in a fit of dread, actually put an end to her existence. We hope the Editors of Newspapers will be cautious in future how they announce such reports, at any rate without accompanying them with a proper remark or two: for after all, it is not in a more spirit of terrified ignorance that the uninformed may fall into the apprehension. They see men of science able to make the most extraordinary calculations,—to ascertain the returns of moons, eclipses, and even comets; and when they hear that an *astronomer* has foretold these catastrophes, they do not wait to reflect whether the announcement itself shews him to be a very wise man, or to know in what spirit it was made, but even the partial knowledge they have acquired contributes to their alarm.

The alarm however is now past; the newspapers began to think it necessary, before the day, to dissipate it as much as possible; and we need not now perhaps repeat to our readers, that these superstitious reports are as old as the sun-spots themselves, and have always accompanied their appearance, though astronomy has proved the latter to be quite harmless. It is even more than doubted now-a-days whether the sun is a fiery body,—whether the spots occasionally seen upon it are not partial exhibitions of the solid substance of which it is composed; so that if a catastrophe were to take place, arising from a cessation of it's powers, it might be the reverse of a conflagration; and this indeed appears to have been the apprehension of some on the present occasion. They thought we should be bereft of light and warmth. We have read somewhere of a na-

tion, that used to think the sky would fall in upon them,—taking it for what is called a *firmament* or solid body. Our Gothic ancestors, whenever there was an eclipse, thought, as we believe some uncivilized northern nations do at this day, that the sun or moon was going to be devoured by a great dragon. Comets used regularly to be supposed ominous, if not fatal; and nothing is older than prophecies of the end of the world. There was one, for instance, in the time of the Commonwealth, made by an enthusiast of the name of SEDGWICK, who is ridiculed in Hudibras; where SIDROPHEL also, the conjuror, in gazing through his telescope, mistakes a paper-kite for a comet, and immediately concludes, that it is "a fatal omen,"

> And can no less than *the world's end*,
> Or Nature's funeral, portend.

About a hundred years back there was the same talk as at present about the sun. PRIOR alludes to it in his ballad of *Down Hall*, and we may see what he thought of it:—

> But what did they talk of from morning to noon?
> Why of spots in the sun, and *the man in the moon*.

But even astronomers, known to be such,—right earnest ones, as the phrase is,—may be mistaken in these matters. Not to mention the mistakes that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them must have made from ancient times to modern,—from the time of ANAXAGORAS, who met his death for thinking the sun as large as Peloponnesus, to that of some famous modern mathematician, (we are not sure of his name) who thought the planets huge living bodies floating about the air,—it is no later than the time of POPE and SWIFT, that WHISTON, unquestionably a clever man though credulous, believed that the Comet then appearing would put an end to the world,—which gave rise to the pleasant piece of satire in SWIFT's Miscellanies, entitled, and apparently with some truth as to the consternation, "A true and faithful Narrative of what passed in London during the general consternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last."

After all, it does not even follow, that were the aspect or condition of the sun actually to change, it would be more than a mere change, or at all for the worse. According to HERODOTUS, the Egyptians, whose age of the world agrees as little with the Mosaic, as GALILEO's astronomy did, said that in the space of 11340 years the sun had four times altered his course, twice rising where he sets, and twice setting where he rises. And be all this as it may, the best advice we can give to those who suffer from any apprehension on such occasions, is to make their bodies as stout and able to hold up their minds as possible, and not to admit potions of the Supreme Director that liken him to the meanest and most uncharitable description of their fellow-creatures. If we *must* in our frailty copy his idea after a human one, let us take it from the kindest and wisest among us, not from the most subject to dogmatisms and passions;—from a NEWTON, a D'ALEMBERT, or a SHAKSPEARE,—not from a NERO or a CALVIN. Wise men love their children though they occasionally punish them; and the wisest men are also sure to be the most charitable, because they best know human conduct and it's causes. Now *he* made us, and *he* is *infinitely* wise. That is enough.

We believe we can lay before our readers an authentic account of the cause of the unexpected turn which our relations with the Nepaul Government have taken. The Sovereign of Nepaul, with whom Lord MOIRA entered into a Treaty, died before it had been ratified, and was succeeded by his brother. This brother is described to be strongly attached to the Mahrattas. As soon as he ascended the Musnad, he refused to ratify the Treaty, and entered into a correspondence with SCINDIA and the BERAR RAJAH, both of whom, it is said, have manifested such hostile dispositions towards us, as to induce a belief that we shall be immediately engaged in war with the Government of Nepaul and with the Mahratta Powers.—*Courier, July* 20.

Dispatches have been this day received by Government from St. Helena, dated the 6th of June. All was well at that Island.—*Courier, July* 20.

The Paris papers contain a dispatch from the British Vice-Consul at Trapani, in Sicily, giving some further particulars of the massacre of the coral fishers at Bona, which, on the authority of a Turk, is said to have arisen in consequence of Lord EXMOUTH having demanded that the Algerine fleet should be burnt.—An article from Naples states, that a squadron of the pirates were attacked by a Neapolitan ship of the line and two frigates, and were defeated. One of the Barbary corsairs was sunk before Barletta.

A letter from Barbadoes, dated May 16, says—"Martial law is still in force. Our militia are much harassed by the constant and vigilant guard they are forced to keep, and by their frequent march about the country in search of the insurgents, and in escorting those that are to be hung to the different places of execution on their owners' plantations! The great number of prisoners on board the prison ships require a perpetual guard. The processes of their trials in the Court of Enquiry and in the Court-Martial go on but slowly, and we do not know when it will be safe for the inhabitants to put an end to Martial law.—All the neighbouring islands from which we have heard, were put under Martial law as soon as they received intelligence of the insurrection in Barbadoes. The slaves in those islands and in Demerara were secretly apprised of the plan laid, and were only waiting to hear of its success to follow the example of the Negroes. In the course of their trials some of them confessed that they had taken a dreadful oath, cemented by the taste of human blood, to destroy the white men, but to preserve the women and children. About 1000 of the insurgents have already lost their lives. The slaves shew much sulkiness who remain quiet and keep at their work.—Numbers of Negroes have been shot and otherwise destroyed, and a great many more remain to be executed! They were brought in by dozens every day."

Extract of a Letter from Madrid, June 25:—"Accounts received by the Ministers from the United States of America, bring them positive information of a circumstance, which is very disagreeable to our Government, in the present state of things in America. The fact is this—An ancient French General, followed by 40 or 50 Officers of the same nation, and by a hundred deserters, have joined, from New Orleans, the Independents of Mexico, by whom they have been received with great joy. These Officers, who have quitted France in consequence of the distraction of the Government of BONAPARTE, are all brave men, well versed in the art of war. It is easy to conceive what consequence to the Mother Country may result from the accession of such auxiliaries in those distant countries."

The French Government (says the correspondent of an Evening Paper), understanding the calamity which had befallen the house of BRUCE, offered Mr. BRUCE, through the medium of Sir CHARLES STUART, the liberty of rejoining his family—an indulgence which this gentleman did not think fit to accept at such hands.

THE REVENUE.—Th Public have heard of a deficiency in the last quarter's receipt. The falling off is in the three great heads of Revenue—Excise, Customs, and Incidents. The ollowing is the comparative receipt for the quarter ended July 5, 1815 and 1816 :—

EXCISE.			
July 5, 1815	£4,486,150		
1816	3,838,802		
Deficiency			617,348
CUSTOMS.			
July 5 1815	1,016,370		
1816	767,847		
Deficiency			248,529
INCIDENTS.			
July 5, 1815	3,381,370		
1816	3,020,305		
Deficiency			361,065
Total deficiency on these three heads			£1,256,942

We need not tell our Readers, that additions had been made to the Stamps, and some other branches, upon which there was a small increase, so as to make the total receipt for the quarter as follows:—

July 5, 1815	£12,040,283
1816	11,042,397
Total deficiency for the quarter ended July 5, 1816	£997,886

And this makes the deficiency of Revenue in this quarter, to cover the *charge* of the Consolidated Fund for the same quarter, no less than 2,197,602*l*.

MESSRS. BRUCE, SIMSON, AND CO.—A host of eminent merchants, &c. have come forward, after entering on an investigation of the affairs of this most respectable House, to recommend that a letter of licence be granted; and some of the personal friends of the firm have with much liberality offered to put down a large sum, for immediate payments.—The confidence of all in the solvency of the House, as well as the high respect in which it is held, is abundantly proved by these acts of kindness and liberality.

By an Act of Parliament passed at the close of the Session, the RECEIVER-GENERAL is authorised to receive the *half* year's Property Tax now due, by two instalments, extending the last payment to the 5th of Jan. 1817, provided the first moiety be now paid.

The Princess MARY is to be married to the Duke of GLOUCESTER to-morrow, at the QUEEN'S Palace, about one o'clock.

The poor haymakers, many of whom have come from a distance, have suffered greatly by the continued rains. Many of them, we believe, have wanted bread during the past week.—Suppose the REGENT had given these poor creatures the money his late splendid fete will cost,—the recollection of such bounty might probably have proved consolatory to him, one of these days.

The amended Act for the relief of Insolvent Debtors in England ought to be generally known to tradesmen, as it materially changes the provisions of the first law. By the new Act, it is said—

"That from and after the passing of this Act, if it shall appear to the Court established by virtue of the said recited Act (the Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors), upon the examination of any prisoner or otherwise, that such prisoner has acted with *gross injustice* towards his or her creditor or creditors, either in contracting any debts, or entering into any engagements, without any fair prospect or probable means of paying such debts, or fulfilling such engagements, or by squandering or otherwise improperly disposing of his or her monies, effects, or other property, which he or she might have applied in paying such debts or fulfilling such engagements, either wholly or in part, such prisoner shall not be entitled to his or her discharge by virtue of the said recited Act, *unless the whole of the creditors* of such prisoner shall consent to his or her discharge, or such prisoner shall have been confined within the walls of any prison for the space of five years, to be computed from the time when such prisoner shall have applied for his or her discharge."

LORD COCHRANE.—It will be recollected, that on the Trial respecting the Stockjobbing Fraud, *De Berenger* attempted to prove that he was near London, instead of being at Dover, performing the part of the foreign Colonel,—but that this foul attempt failed, although several witnesses swore that he was so in town. One of these persons was *De Berenger's* landlord, *Launcelot Davidson*, and Lord COCHRANE prosecutted him for the perjury. The case was tried in the King's Bench yesterday, when *Davidson* was found *Not Guilty*—simply, however, as it should seem, on the ground that "*wilful* and *corrupt*" perjury had not been proved against him; for it was abundantly proved, by three witnesses, that *De Berenger* was at Dover on the morning he was said to have been near town, and in the very green coat, grey great coat, and travelling cap, described by Lord COCHRANE in his well-known affidavit of the 11th of March, 1814,—so that Davidson must have sworn to a falsehood. Mr. GURNEY defended *Davidson*, and Mr. MARRYATT led for the prosecution.—*De Berenger* was in Court, having been subpœned.—Several other trials will take place, we are informed, as Lord COCHRANE is determined that his entire innocence shall be made manifest to all.

THE SPOTS ON THE SUN.—The large spots which may now be seen upon the sun's disk have given rise to ill-founded apprehensions. These spots are said to be the cause of the remarkable wet weather we have had this summer; and the increase of these spots announces a general removal of heat from the world, the extinction of Nature, the end of the world! These fears are not new. In the 17th century the astronomers considered the spots on the sun as the commencement of the extinction of that great conflagration which they supposed to be the cause of the luminous state of the sun. In the 18th century an opinion was maintained by LA HIRE that those spots were large lakes which would drown the sun. But the supposition that the sun was an igneous body is now generally abandoned. And an hypothesis more conformable to the majesty of Nature, as well as all modern observations, considers the sun only as the centre towards which gravitates from all parts the luminous fluid, and perhaps the caloric spread throughout space. Like the plate of glass in the electrical apparatus, the sun, by its rapid movement round its axis, puts in vibration the two fluids we have just named. Accumulated on the surface of the sun, these form a splendid atmosphere which deprives us of the sight of his dense and opaque nucleus. The movements of these luminous bodies, however, suffer us sometimes to have an imperfect view of some parts of the sun, and those parts form what are called spots. Such is the opinion of HERSCHEL and others. These spots, therefore, do not prove an exhaustion either of light or heat. Besides, history shews that they have no constant influence upon the temperature of our planet. We have seen cold and wet years in which the sun had few spots; we have seen also hot years when the sun had been covered with them. These phenomena have never been followed by any sensible and durable revolution in our atmosphere. In 1718 and 1719, the sun was discovered with spots, and yet the heat was extraordinary. In our latitudes, and our geographical position, some polar masses of ice, detached in a greater quantity than usual, and accumulated near the Banks of Newfoundland—or a wind loaded with sea vapours, are sufficient to make the season, of which we complain so bitterly, more inconstant than rigorous, and the temperature more wet than cold. Human levity is apt to remark in Nature nothing but the irregularity. We should scarcely have spoken of the sun if it had not had spots on it.—*Courier.*

Do you wonder that diseases are innumerable? (asks SENECA) count the Cooks. You have as many diseases as you have dishes.

Orders were issued on Monday last to stop the progress of the improvements north of Piccadilly. The perspective from Carlton-house is to extend only to the Crescent intended to be built in Piccadilly. St. James's-market, the houses in Jermyn-street, which intersect the view; Market-street, and the residue of the dwellings in St. Alban's-street, will be removed. The United Service Club-house will be on an extensive scale. The elevation is about one-third carried up; the frontage will be on the south-east side of Charles-street, St. James's-square, at the corner of the New-street, and opposite the architectural building. The reason why the Members of the Club have abandoned the idea of taking the latter, arises from the vast sum required by the speculators who erected that edifice, i. e. a rental of *two thousand five hundred pounds per annum*. It is not many days since the work people were employed in pulling down houses in Swallow-street and King-street, at the northern ends, contiguous to Oxford-street. In Warwick-street they were pulling down houses on Saturday week. The whole, when finished, will be a disgrace to the age and country. More contemptible edifices never rose by the hands of any working bricklayers. In the houses at the King's Theatre there is not a window on the centre of an arch; they are all squint-eyed.—*Chronicle*.

Chimney-Sweeping.—The following anecdote is taken from a pamphlet just published, entitled "Cursory Remarks and plain facts connected with the Question" produced by the proposed Slave Registry Bill, by J. W. Orderson, late of Barbadoes:"—"About fourteen years ago, a Mrs. P. arrived at Bristol from the West Indies, and brought with her a female Negro servant, mother of two or three children left in that country. A few days after their arrival, and they had gone into private lodgings, a sweep boy was sent for by the landlady to sweep the kitchen chimney. This woman being seated in the kitchen when little Soot entered, was struck with amazement at the spectacle he presented, and with great vehemence clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Wha dis me see! La, la, dat buckara piccaninny! So help me, nyung Misse (addressing herself to the house-maid then present) sooner dan see one o'mine piccaninnies tan so, I drown he inde sea." The progress of the poor child in sweeping the chimney closely engrossed her attention, and when she saw him return from his sooty incarceration, she addressed him with a feeling that did honour to her maternal tenderness, saying, "Child! come yaw child; (and without waiting any reply, and putting a sixpence into his hand) "Who you maunny? You hab daddy too? Wha dem be, da la you go no chimney for?" and moistening her finger at her lips, began to rub the poor child's cheek, to ascertain, what yet appeared doubtful to her, whether he was really a *buccara*. I saw this woman some time after in the West Indies, and it was a congratulation to her ever after, that *her* "children were not born to be *sweeps*."

On Sunday evening a singular scene took place at St. Antholin's Church, Watling-street, in consequence of the immense number of persons assembled at that place to hear Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth, who had been announced to preach there. So great was the desire of his admirers to get within the walls of the church, that at an early hour the doors were thronged with people, and on their being opened the rush which followed was likely to have been attended with serious consequences. The scene of confusion which ensued is beyond description; some jumping over pews, others climbing up the walls of the church, regardless of the mischief they were committing. The heat that was produced by so great a concourse of people added not a little to the distress and oppression experienced on the occasion. After some considerable time tranquillity was obtained, and the service performed. On inspection of the church afterwards, however, it was found that considerable other damage had been committed.

The Paris Paris of Wednesday continue to inform us of the damage done by storms of hail and rain, by lightning and thunder, in every part almost of Europe.

Such sheets of fire, such horrid bursts of thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain!

Whole districts have been ravaged and laid waste, houses have been blown down; the labours of the husbandman destroyed; rivers have burst their banks, and inundated vast tracts. The greatest damage seems to have been done in Germany.

HARRY BROWN'S LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS.

LETTER IV.

To Thomas Brown, Jun. Letter 3.

Oh che bel fraseggiare! Oh che galanti
Pensieri! Menzini.
Oh what fine thoughts! What lovely phraseology!

You know, Tom, the puzzle I've had to make out
Our great leading Statesmen and what they're about;
Well, I've seen 'em; and now though you know I'm so clever
At finding out things, am more puzzled than ever.

There's one seems to think that a man may read lord on
His face, yet he looks like an iron churchwarden;
Another comes after, so dumb and retired,
He looks like a poor little parson just hired;
And a third, with smock face and old jessamy air,
Is the surplice's lavender dresser, you'd swear.
The rest, mostly speaking, are just of a feather,
And walk out, with gander importance, together;
With Melbrave for vestryman, cold as his brain-piece;
And Pope, for the beadle, resolved to maintain peace.
I'd almost forgotten to mention the clerk,—
Jack Croker,—who looks such a black sort of spark,
So scape-grace, and winks so behind his employers,
He seems as if just turned away from a lawyer's.

However, I said to myself, one must own,
Twould be wrong to decide from the surface alone,
These men, after all, look as most of us do;
And many great heads have been queer ones to view.
There's myself, for example, so slender and pale,
You'd swear me a rhymester just come out of jail;—
There was Æsop, who carried his shoulders above him;
And yet, for all that, the maid-servant could love him;—
Then Virgil, Politian, Lorenzo de' Medici,
—Jonnson, who seemed coming down with his head at ye,
—Thomson, and others of beautiful fame,
Where far from attractive, besides—what's his name?
Whose head, when he peeped out sometimes, seem'd a knocker at his
Door there,—the first of philosophers,—Socrates.

—Some, it is true, say that men such as these
Have an eye, or a smile, or a something to please;
Or rather, a look, when one's own understands 'em,
Which tells us, "The soul, that's within me, is handsome."
But this is assertion, and mustn't go down:—
As if ev'ry Blue, Tom, had eyes like a Brown!

In short, I remembered Tyrtæus the glorious,
Who made by his verses the Spartans victorious;
Yet As was considered an absolute joke,—
A butt, not a thing to make war,—till he spoke;—
So I followed some people up into a gallery,
And sat there to listen, and hemm'd down my raillery.

—Well, Sir,—the parson first got up to speak,
And did it with tone so subdued and so meek,
With such (when you heard him) established positions,
Long heads, lively items, and blest repetitions,

That all in an instant, transported though cool,
I seemed hurried back to my Sundays at school,
When a worthy old doctor, at afternoon church,
To the pews and maid-servants was left in the lurch,
And nodding his head down and jerking it up,
Like a hen midst her chickens, when taking a sup,
With "Mosaic dispensation" gave out all his closes,
And then, for a change, "Dispensation of Moses."

The next that arose was the lavender man,
And sweetly that sprig of a statesman began;—
He was sure—and he hoped—and he look'd to that day,—
And this was a question, he really must say,
Which, though in some quarters there might be objections,
Involved very many important reflections,
Give rise to thoughts, topics, remarks, observations,
Regarding the peace and good order of nations,
Was also of consequence, moment, and weight,
Demanding a grave and deliberate debate,
Suggested conclusions, included suggestions,
In short, was among those particular questions,
Which in their peculiar descriptions and natures,
Embraced a wide field of remarkable features,
And had for their basis and obvious foundation
An eye to our very internal salvation.
He went on with more of the same kind of talking,
And minced as he went, like a lounger in walking,
For Commons was *Cummins*, Discussion *Diskissin*,
(Thus, hushing, we know, is sometimes next to hissing)
And cutting himself unawares with his dull edge,
His Knowledge he called, very handsomely, *Nullidge*.
He ended by saying, that though there was no man
Grieved more than himself at a fact so uncommon,
Yet still, if he might be allowed the expression,
We couldn't have all things at *once* in possession;
And therefore he hoped we'd steer clear of the shelves,
And not, in this case, turn our backs on ourselves.

I thought, after this, it was useless to stay,
For if these were the heads, what could limbs have to say?
To do them all justice, however, I did,
And heard beadle POLE some one's laughing forbid,
Which only caused more at his wit and gentility;
—Then followed starts of more irritability,
—Just like tuned hautboys, or chaps by the hair haul'd,
From YORKE, and JACK CROKER, and VESEY FITZGERALD;
For what's very curious, they all seem a set
Of the testiest triumphants, that ever were met:—
But not a new thing, nor a good, did they say,
Not a phrase which your memory would carry away.

Yet these, you must know (or BOB SOUTHEY will call ye an
—Ass and a robber,) first vanquish'd NAPOLEON!
And not only so, but not having the skill
To do the good he did, may do all the ill;
Because, it appears, they've due honour for persons,
Whose fathers held sticks in their fingers like their sons.
The secret, if any, is oddly perplext:—
I must try at it, some other way, in my next,
And then, my dear TOM, for the new stock of wit
I said you should have the next letter I writ.
In my present, you see, I've been little but true,—
In one thing must always be quite so. ADIEU.

P.S. By the by, as to witty and true, TOM, and why they're
Not greater at once, some may say I've been neither.
Perhaps so. I only wish some would be either.

P.P.S. They write us from France, though the press is so shy there,
The BOURBONS are fast going down, low and high there.
Of course, it is hoped that the puppies must lie there.

CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

BY COWLEY.

What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so important a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death? to banish that numerous, and strongly-allied family? to do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called Sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North; to be feared and courted by all foreign Princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together Parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired at the rate of two millions a-year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly, (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among Kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world, which as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT AT CARLTON-HOUSE.

The following is from the Court Papers:—

"It having been the expectation for some time past of great numbers, but particularly those connected with the higher orders, that the Prince Regent would do *something* to keep the Nobility and Gentry in London at this season of the year, *for the good of trade and the country at large*, his Royal Highness very graciously coincided with the general wish, and commanded *a grand Ball and Supper* to a numerous Dress Party, to be given at Carlton-house, to meet her Majesty the Queen, on the 12th inst. but which was not so numerous as at first intended, to guard against fatiguing the Queen, as upon these occasions her Majesty's attentions to the company are nearly the same as at a Drawing-room. The strict etiquette was observed at the entertainment of none being invited who had not been presented at Court; and we believe the number on this occasion amounted to about 700. That the entertainment might have all the effect possible for the encouragement of trade, the Prince Regent commanded, in the most considerate manner, a note to accompany the card of invitation to the Nobility and Gentry, expressing himself desirous that they would appear in British manufactures.

"At half-past eight o'clock, a full Guard of Honour, composed of Grenadiers in white gaiters, marched into the Court-yard of Carlton-house. A party of the Life Guards at the same time took their station in Pall-mall, to regulate the carriages, under the direction of a numerous assemblage of the Police. Her Majesty, Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, and Mary, left the Queen's Palace at ten o'clock, in sedan chairs. The Prince Regent was in readiness at the grand entrance to receive them, dressed in regimentals, with a brilliant display of his Orders on

his breast. It was remarked by numbers, with great satisfaction, the excellent health in which the Regent appeared. The Duke of Gloucester came directly after. The Duke and Duchess of York came in state. The Duke of Kent entered by the private entrance from the Park, as did Prince Leopold. We regret to say, the Prince was deprived of the company of his Royal Consort from her continued indisposition; it was also a great disappointment to the distinguished throng. The Duke of Wellington entered the same way, in a Field Marshal's uniform, wearing the Order of the Garter. The Rotunda was ornamented with pink draperies, covered with white muslin, tastefully displayed. In the centre was a temple, or large garland, apparently suspended with gold cord, and connected with the roof, which was in a beautiful umbrella form. The sides were divided into compartments, separated with gold cords, terminating with white fasces. The back of the fasces was furnished with elegant sofas and chairs to accommodate those who chose to sit, without being incommoded by those who danced or promenaded. In several of the compartments were large glasses, and on each side of them were draperies of muslin. At the termination of the gold cords, were wreaths of artificial flowers. Over the side promenade were antique lamps with two burners each. The centre was illuminated with twelve large lustres, with patent burners, which burnt most brilliantly all the night. The floor was tastefully chalked for dancing, with appropriate devices.—Soon after 11 o'clock, the Royal family left the Closet, conducted by the Great Officers of State, the Queen leaning on the arm of the Regent, and the other branches of the Royal Family following, according to their age and rank. They proceeded to the Rotunda, and immediately on their entrance, the Prince Regent's excellent Band struck up the Prince Regent's favourite march. The Band also played the Princess Mary's favourite waltz, during the time the numerous assemblage were paying their respects to the Queen and the Regent. The company attended strictly to the desire of the Prince Regent, and all appeared in British manufacture, which no doubt agreed with their own national feelings. They were all extremely splendid. Several ladies wore gold and silver tissue, with full trimmings round the bottom. There were very few coloured dresses; by far the greater part white; many with sprigged and spotted gold and silver dresses. The greatest part were lace, net, and silk gauze, over white satin. There were several white satin dresses trimmed with blond. Very great taste and elegance was displayed in the full trimmings at the bottom. Some dresses were trimmed with artificial flowers, which had a very pretty effect.—The Gentlemen's dresses were principally Army, Navy, and the Windsor uniform.—An adjoining room to the Rotunda was set apart for refreshments. An excellent and numerous country dance band succeeded the Prince Regent's band, and dancing commenced at a quarter before twelve. The dancing was chiefly waltzes and cotillons, in which none of the Royal Family joined. The Queen sat in her state chair, accompanied by the Regent, who was close in attendance on his Royal Mother all night.—The company sat down to supper at half-past one. Those who supped at the Royal table were specially invited, and were particular friends. The Prince Regent's Band played during the supper time. Every thing was of the best. The desert was of the first rate. The fruit was the most choice and rare. The company sat about an hour at supper, when dancing was resumed in the Rotunda. The continued motion of the Ladies who were dancing, as well as those not dancing, with large and elegant plumes of white feathers, which were universally worn, with the exception of about half a dozen, gave an additional degree of splendour and fascination to the scene, which is not to be beheld in one room upon any similar occasion. The ornaments of diamonds and other jewels on the head dresses were extremely numerous and brilliant. The clasps round the waists were very general, and richly ornamented with jewels. There was a numerous assemblage of youth and beauty. The dancing did not conclude till near five o'clock.—The Queen and Princesses did not remain long in the Rotunda after supper. They returned to the Palace in sedan chairs."

"We remarked with pain that the indecent foreign dance, called the *Waltz*, was introduced (we believe for the first time) at the English Court on Friday week. This is a circumstance which ought not to be passed over in silence. National morals depend on national habits; and it is quite sufficient to cast one's eyes on the voluptuous intertwining of the limbs, and close compressure of the bodies, in this dance, to see that it is far indeed removed from the modest reserve which has hitherto been considered distinctive of English females. So long as this obscene display was confined to prostitutes and adultresses, we did not think it deserving of notice; but now that it is attempted to be forced on the *respectable* classes of society by the evil example of their superiors, we feel it a duty to warn every parent against exposing his daughter to so fatal a contagion. *Amicas Plato sed magis amica veritas.* We pay a due deference to our superiors in rank, but we owe a higher duty to morality. We know not how it has happened (probably by the recommendation of some worthless and ignorant French dancing-master) that so indecent a dance has now for the first time been exhibited at the English Court; but the novelty is one deserving of severe reprobation, and we trust it will never again be tolerated in any *moral* English society."—*Times.*

WALTZING.

[*From the Morning Chronicle.*]

Get all the Ladies that you can,
And let each Lady have a man;
Let them, in a circle plac'd,
Take their partners round the waist;
Then by slow degrees advance,
Till the walk becomes a dance;
Then the twirling, face to face,
Without variety or grace,
Round and round, and never stopping,
Now and then a little hopping;
When you're wrong, to make things worse,
If one couple, so perverse,
Should in the figure be perplex'd,
Let them be knock'd down by the next.
"Quicker now," the Ladies cry;
They rise, they twirl, they swing, they fly,
Puffing, blowing, jostling, squeezing,
Very odd, but very pleasing—
Till ev'ry Lady plainly shews,
(Whatever else she may disclose),
Reserve is not among her faults:—
Reader, this it is to Waltz!

Argyle Rooms, Friday, June 28, 1816.

ON HEARING THE REGENT ACCUSED OF MAKING DISTINCTIONS IN THE INVITATIONS TO HIS *FETE*.

No more, disloyal wretch, for shame!
No more your Prince unjustly blame
For splendid *Fêtes* display;
The Prince and People share their state—
To give them is the Prince's *Fête*,
The People's *fate* to pay.

A Loyal Court Correspondent desires us to be very particular in contradicting a report which has been circulated at the Court end of the Metropolis by some "unthinking" people,—to use the tenderest epithet. This matter, the writer says, is of the first importance, whether as it relates to the example which would be held out to the ancient part of the female world,—the effect on the national taste and morals,—or the high reputation of the very AUGUST PERSONAGE to whom it more particularly refers. Every body, therefore, concludes our anxious Correspondent, will doubtless be eager to circulate a direct and disdainful contradiction of the rumour—(a rumour put forth in the very teeth of the Court Historian, who expressly says that none of the ROYAL FAMILY joined in the late Waltzing at Carlton-House)—that our most gracious QUEEN waltzed a full quarter of an hour, with the venerable Marquis of HEADFORT for a partner! Nothing of the sort took place, our readers may rest perfectly satisfied.

"We learn that among the last arrivals from the Mediterranean is that of a Tunisian ACCOUCHEUR, who has some very extraordinary references to make to his past practice. A full report of his experience having been laid before the skilful, they are all of opinion that he is a person of considerable eminence in his profession; but, as to the mode of communicating his knowledge to the world,

there is not the same unanimity."—Copied from the *Morning Herald* of Tuesday last, in which paper it appeared in conspicuous characters, under the Regent's plume and motto of "*Ich dien.*"

Items of Expenditure in the Civil List, according to the Report of a Select Committee:—

A clock for Carlton House	(French)	£735 0 0
A pair of girandoles for ditto	do.	525 0 0
Two pair of candelabras for ditto	do.	1,575 0 0
Two cabinets for Carlton House	do.	1,000 0 0
One ditto - ditto	do. -	500 0 0
A 24-light lustre for ditto -	do. -	840 0 0
Two Gothic lanteres for ditto	do.	1,113 0 0
A pair of bronze satyrs -	do. -	525 0 0
An oval salver - - - -		502 0 0
A brilliant star - - - -		558 0 0
An ornament for plateau -	(French)	787 0 0
A plateau - - -	do.	1,781 0 0
A salver - - - - -		596 0 0
Two ornaments for desert	(French)	1,126 15 0
A brilliant George - - -		1,517 13 0
A rich chased stand for sideboard	(French)	583 13 0
A brilliant badge - - - -		3,553 0 0
Plate for various officers of the household		4,403 0 0
Ditto for ambassadors to foreign courts		18,091 0 0
A white Arabian stallion - - -		1,050 0 0
Two new landaus - - - -		1,892 0 0

The amount of the home secret service money is 10,000*l.*

The Ministers from France, Austria, Bavaria, Holland, Brussels, Persia, and Portugal, were presented with snuff-boxes, which cost 15,310*l.* 11*s.*

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 245.

NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

A young lady, whose name is Miss Merry, has appeared with great applause in the part of *Mandane* in *Artaxerxes*. Miss Merry is not tall, but there is something not ungraceful in her person: her face, without being regular, has a pleasing expression in it; her action is good, and often spirited; and her voice is excellent. The songs she has to sing in this character are delightful, and she sung them very delightfully. Her timidity on the first night of her appearing was so great as almost to prevent her from going on. But her apprehensions, though they lessened the power of her voice, did not take from its sweetness. She appears to possess very great taste and skill; and to have not only a fine voice, but (what many singers want) an ear for music. Her tones are mellow, true, and varied —sometimes exquisitely broken by light, fluttering half-notes—at other times reposing on a deep-murmuring bass. The general style of her singing is equable, and unaffected; yet in one or two passages, we thought she added some extraneous and unnecessary ornaments, and (for a precious note or two) lost the charm of the expression by sacrificing simplicity to execution. This objection struck us most in the manner in which Miss Merry sung the beautiful air, "If o'er the cruel tyrant Love," which is an irresistible appeal to the sentiments, and seems, in its genuine simplicity, above all art. This song, and particularly the last lines, "What was my pride, is now my shame," &c, ought to be sung, as we have heard them sung, as if the notes fell from her lips like the liquid drops from the bending flower, and her voice fluttered and died away with the expiring conflict of passion in her bosom. If vocal music has an advantage over instrumental, it is, we imagine, in this very particular; in the immediate communication between the words and the expression they suggest, between the voice and the soul of the singer, which ought to mould every tone, whether deep or tender, according to the impulse of true passion. Miss Merry's execution does not rest entirely upon the ground of expression: she is not always thinking of the subject. Her "Soldier tired," and "Let not rage thy bosom firing," were both admirable. Her voice has not the piercing softness of Miss Stephens's,—its clear chrystalline qualities. Neither has her style of singing the same originality, and simple pathos. Miss Stephens's voice and manner are her own: Miss Merry belongs to a class of singers, but that class is a very pleasing one, and she is at present at the head of it. She is an undoubted acquisition both to the new English Opera, and to the English stage. Mr. Horn's *Arbaces* was very fine. He sings always in tune, and in an admirable *sostenuto* style. He keeps his voice (perhaps indeed) too much under him, and does not let it loose often enough. His manner of singing "Water parted from the sea" was of this internal and suppressed character. Though this may be the feeling suggested by part of the words, yet certainly in other parts the voice ought to be thrown out, and as it were go a journey, like the water's course. Of the other performers, we can say nothing favourable.

Mr. Examiner,—I visited last night Mr. Arnold's new Theatre, to enjoy the rich musical feast of *Artaxerxes*, which, with its mixed charms of all that is most exquisitely simple in melody, and deeply erudite in combination, possesses a scope of attraction both for the cultivated and uncultivated ear, exceeding perhaps that of any other Opera either on the English or Italian stage; and has stamped its immortal author Arne, as one of the brightest ornaments which the musical annals of this country have to boast. I was further desirous to hear and to judge for myself of the new vocal hero and heroine, Mr. Horn and Miss Merry, of whom report had given me nothing but the highest eulogium. I had been deterred from attending the representation of this Opera at Covent-garden Theatre, by the cruel alloy to the delight its lovely music afforded, which every undepraved ear has to suffer in the vulgar frolicks of Mr. Sinclair,—more alas! than a balance for the acknowledged sweetness of Miss Stephens and Mr. Durusset. I received therefore no small gratification in hearing the songs of *Arbaces* delivered so differently, (though by no means unexceptionably) by Mr. Horn, to whom great praise is due for the extreme industry and practice he must have bestowed to accomplish so palpable an improvement of his vocal powers in the short space of two years. Miss Merry is possessed of considerable power and flexibility of voice, and is entitled to much praise for the skill and taste displayed in some of her songs. This young lady promises, by the help of a little more self-possession than can be reasonably expected from a debutante, or indeed desired by the lovers of that most inestimable grace of the female character, modesty,—to tread the stage with ease and dignity.

To Mr. Welsh, the musical manager, and the successful instructor of the above lady and gentleman, who have certainly added to his credit as a vocal teacher, I feel my thanks are greatly due, for the restoration of two or three of the most exquisite and masterly compositions in the Opera, which have been long since omitted at Covent-garden Theatre,—more,—it is to be feared,—from a due sense of their excellence, than from any conscious incapacity in the parties performing the characters to which they belong; as, whatever and however multifarious may be their *scenic* sins, no one has ever been able to attach that of *mauvaise honte* to either Mr. Sinclair or Mr. Incledon.

Having rendered to this Gentleman (M. W.) my thanks for the above restoration, I feel at liberty to arraign him on the score of bad taste, in deteriorating the exquisite simplicity of the songs, "Water parted from the sea," "If o'er the cruel tyrant," &c. by an abundance of misplaced and meretricious ornament (for we can but regard the treatment of these songs by Miss M. and Mr. H. as

the ideas of Mr. W., their professed teacher, conveyed to us through their agency; which is the less to be excused, as there are songs so varied from these in their character as to afford ample field to the excursive fancy of the performer or instructor. For the freer indulgence of this *ornamenting* vein, he has even foisted upon those songs,—already very leisurely in their movement, numerous pauses,—whereby the most interesting parts of the Opera are rendered insufferably tedious. He has in one instance, however, intended his pause as the means of additional dignity and force, and in no instance is worse taste displayed or his intention more completely foiled,—viz. he has drawled out the sentence, "Monster, away," to a duration of seven or eight seconds, instead of allowing it to remain as the judicious author of the music has rendered it,—a sudden ebullition of the royal maiden's disdain and indignation against the supposed unnatural parent of her lover.

Mr. W. will excuse me for putting him in mind, that one additional not-very-striking instance either of good taste or modesty, is the twiddling up and down upon the keys of the pianoforte in the symphonies of the most delicate songs, viz. "Water parted from the sea," &c. S.

Thursday, July 18, 1816.

Covent-Garden.—This Theatre closed on Monday night, when the following Address was delivered by Mr. Fawcett:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The termination of another season calls forth another tribute of grateful acknowledgment from the Proprietors of this Theatre, for the very liberal encouragement you have afforded them, through a year not the most favourable for Theatricals. Supported by a Company whose varied talents you so kindly appreciate, the Proprietors have been enabled to produce both novelties and revivals, with a strength of cast which has insured their attraction. Miss O'Neill, in tragedy, has fully sustained the brilliant reputation she acquired on her appearance last year; and her performance in Comedy seems to promise that she will become the favourite Child of *Thalia*, as she is of *Melpomene*. At the desire of our illustrious Princess (who has so graciously condescended to patronize the National Drama), Mrs. Siddons re-appeared for a few nights, and with the radiance of her departing beams illumined the pages of our immortal Bard. To adorn his master-pieces—to represent the works of Shakespeare in a manner worthy of his surpassing genius, is the pride and boast of this Theatre; and it is worthy of remark, that this year, exactly two centuries after Shakespeare's death, one of his most poetic Dramas has been restored on the Covent-garden Stage. Until the second Monday in September, the usual time of re-opening, the Proprietors most respectfully bid you farewell. The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, through me, express their gratitude for your uninterrupted kindness and indulgence; and we humbly take our leave till next season."

THE ROUND TABLE.

No. 42. Sunday, July 21, 1816.

The difference between the character of *Eve* in Milton and Shakespear's female characters is very striking, and it appears to us to be this:—Milton describes *Eve* not only as full of love and tenderness for *Adam*, but as the constant object of admiration in herself. She is the idol of the poet's imagination, and he paints her whole person with a studied profusion of charms. She is the wife, but she is still as much as ever the mistress of *Adam*. She is represented indeed as devoted to her husband, as twining round him for support, "as the vine curls her tendrils," but her own grace and beauty are never lost sight of in the picture of conjugal felicity. *Adam's* attention and regard are as much turned to her as hers to him; for in that first garden of their innocence, he had no other objects or pursuits to distract his attention; she was both his business and his pleasure. Shakespear's females, on the contrary, seem to exist only in their attachment to others. They are pure abstractions of the affections. Their features are not painted, nor the colour of their hair. Their hearts only are laid bare. We are acquainted with *Imogen*, *Miranda*, *Ophelia*, or *Desdemona*, by what they thought and felt, but we cannot tell whether they were black, brown, or fair. But Milton's *Eve* is all of ivory and gold. Shakespear seldom tantalizes the reader with a luxurious display of the personal charms of his heroines, with a curious inventory of particular beauties, except indirectly, and for some other purpose, as where *Iachimo* describes *Imogen* asleep, or the old men in the *Winter's Tale* vie with each other in invidious praise of *Perdita*. Even in *Juliet*, the most voluptuous and glowing of the class of characters here spoken of, we are reminded chiefly of circumstances connected with the physiognomy of passion, as in her leaning with her cheek upon her arm, or which only convey the general impression of enthusiasm made on her lover's brain. One thing may be said, that Shakespear had not the same opportunities as Milton: for his women were clothed, and it cannot be denied that Milton took *Eve* at a considerable disadvantage in this respect. He has accordingly described her in all the loveliness of nature, tempting to sight as the fruit of the Hesperides, guarded by that Dragon old, herself the fairest among the flowers of Paradise.

The figures both of *Adam* and *Eve* are very prominent in this poem. As there is little action in it, the interest is constantly kept up by the beauty and grandeur of the images. They are thus introduced:—

> "Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
> Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
> In naked majesty seemed lords of all,
> And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
> The image of their glorious Maker shone:
> * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
> ——— Though both
> Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
> For contemplation he and valour form'd,
> For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
> He for God only, she for God in him.
> His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
> Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
> She as a veil down to the slender waist
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore
> Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
> As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
> Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
> And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
> Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
> And sweet reluctant amorous delay."

Eve is not only represented as beautiful, but with conscious beauty. Shakespear's heroines are almost insensible of their charms, and wound without knowing it. They are not coquets. If the salvation of mankind had depended upon one of them, we don't know but the Devil might have been baulked. This is but a conjecture. *Eve* has a great idea of herself, and there is some difficulty in prevailing on her to quit her own image, the first time she discovers its reflection in the water. She gives the following exquisite account of herself to *Adam*:—

> "That day I oft remember, when from sleep
> I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
> Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
> And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
> Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
> Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
> Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
> Pure as the expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
> With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
> On the green bank, to look into the clear
> Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky:
> As I bent down to look, just opposite
> A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
> Bending to look on me; I started back,

It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love." . . . . . .

The poet afterwards adds:—

"So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers."

The same thought is repeated with greater simplicity, and perhaps even beauty, in the beginning of the Fifth Book:—

——————"So much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake." . . . . . .

The general style indeed, in which *Eve* is addressed by *Adam* or described by the poet, is in the highest strain of compliment:—

"When Adam thus to Eve. Fair consort, the hour
Of night approaches." . . . . . .
"To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd."
"To whom our general ancestor replied,
Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve."

Eve is herself so well convinced that these epithets are her due, that the idea follows her in her sleep, and she dreams of herself as the paragon of nature, the wonder of the universe:—

——————"Methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze."

This is the very topic too on which the Serpent afterwards enlarges with so much artful insinuation and fatal confidence of success. "So talked the spirited sly snake." —The conclusion of the foregoing scene, in which *Eve* relates her dream and *Adam* comforts her, is such an exquisite piece of description, that though not to our immediate purpose, we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended."

The formal eulogy on *Eve* which *Adam* addresses to the Angel, in giving an account of his own creation and hers, is full of elaborate grace:—

"Under his forming hands a creature grew,
——————— so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contained
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight."

That which distinguishes Milton from the other poets, who have pampered the eye and fed the imagination with exuberant descriptions of female beauty, is the moral severity with which he has tempered them. There is not a line in his works which tends to licentiousness, or the impression of which, if it has such a tendency, is not effectually checked by thought and sentiment. The following are two remarkable instances:—

——————"In shadier bower
More secret and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heavenly quires the hymenœan sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind by her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire."

The other is a passage of extreme beauty and pathos blended. It is the one in which the Angel is described as the guest of our first ancestors:—

——————"Meanwhile at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell."

The character which a living poet has given of Spenser, would be much more true of Milton:—

——————"Yet not more sweet
Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise;
High Priest of all the Muses' mysteries."

Spenser, on the contrary, is very apt to pry into mysteries which do not belong to the Muses. Milton's voluptuousness is not lascivious or sensual. He describes beautiful objects for their own sakes. Spenser has an eye to the consequences, and steeps every thing in pleasure, often not of the purest kind. The want of passion has been brought as an objection against Milton, and his *Adam* and *Eve* been considered as rather insipid personages, wrapped up in one another, and who excite but little sympathy in any one else. We do not feel this objection ourselves: we are content to be spectators in such scenes, without any other excitement. In general, the interest in Milton is essentially epic, and not dramatic; and the difference between the epic and the dramatic is this, that in the former the imagination produces the passion, and in the latter the passion produces the imagination. The interest of epic poetry arises from the contemplation of certain objects in themselves grand and beautiful: the interest of dramatic poetry from sympathy with the passions and pursuits of others, that is, from the practical relations of certain persons to certain objects, as depending on accident or will.

The Pyramids of Egypt are an epic object; the imagination of them is necessarily attended with passion; but they have no dramatic interest, till circumstances connect them with some human catastrophe. Now a poem might be constructed almost entirely of such images, of the highest intellectual passion, with little dramatic interest; and it is in this way that Milton has in a great measure constructed his poem. That is not its fault, but its excellence. The fault is in those who have no idea of but one kind of interest. But this would lead to a longer discussion than we have room for at present. We shall conclude these

extracts from Milton with two passages, which have always appeared to us to be highly affecting, and to contain a fine discrimination of character:—

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"

This is the lamentation of *Eve* on being driven out of Paradise. *Adam's* reflections are in a different strain, and still finer. After expressing his submission to the will of his Maker, he says—

"This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed countenance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appeared, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flow'rs:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

We must reserve some account of the characters of Shakespear's Women to another number. W. H.

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL MEDALS.

THAT true glory which resides in elevated minds, and characterizes noble actions, survives the ruins of mightiest empires; for History transmits to posterity the glory of those of whom valour and virtue are proud, and who have assisted to raise the colossal Governments that have experienced the inevitable decay and dissolution of all things earthly. Thus the characters of NUMA, the legislator, FABIUS, the saviour, and HANNIBAL, the dread of Rome, with SCIPIO, the conqueror of HANNIBAL, are cherished in the mind, and in many respects in the heart, being consecrated by History to the imitation and delight of succeeding generations. In like manner will the virtues and talents of modern worthies be perpetuated, and none so much as those of Britain. Our WELLINGTON and his brave Army will be thus celebrated, not only by Literary but Medallic History, which has this advantage over the former, that it embodies narrative and sentiment to the corporeal and tasteful eye. Such is the beautiful property of the forthcoming Set of WELLINGTON MEDALS, which we have before slightly announced, and four of which are already submitted to the Public, and are to be continued as fast as the Engravers can execute such elaborate Art. From these four admirable specimens it may be confidently asserted, that England, in the present day, has not produced such a Medallic Work, and that it will fully rank with the famous Series of Napoleon Medals, as many of them will come from the hands of the celebrated Medallists who produced that Series, as well as from our best native Engravers. It will indeed be a work worthy of its subject, and of the British Nation. A Head of the Marquis of ANGLESEY, engraved from a Bust by CHANTREY, will be one of these National Medals; and we understand that all the Generals who distinguished themselves will be included in the series.

LAW.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Thursday, July 11.

KIMBLE *v.* WOOD.

This was an action against the Lord Mayor to recover damages for false imprisonment. The plaintiff was a journeyman sugar-baker, and was engaged by his employer for the term of twelve months, at a certain rate of wages, and an addition was to be made of 10*s.* a week for board. The plaintiff and three others, after their engagement, demanded an increase of 2*s.* upon the latter sum; and on being refused, left the work upon which they were employed unfinished. On being taken into custody, and carried before the Lord Mayor, they were convicted of the offence, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment, according to the provisions of the Act of 20 Geo. II. c. 19. The present action was grounded upon an informality in the commitment. The Act empowers any single Justice to commit the offender in cases of this description "to the House of Correction, there to remain and be corrected, and held to hard labour, for any time not exceeding one calendar month." In this case the commitment did not express the words in the clause, "*and be corrected;*" and the question was, whether the commitment was so far vitiated by the omission as to render the defendant liable to the present action.

Mr. Serjeant BEST contended that all commitments grounded on acts of Parliament must be conformable to the method therein prescribed. The words of the act in question were peremptory, and left no room for distinction.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL observed, that it was impossible the legislature could have ever meant to deprive the magistrate of the discretion to abate and modify the punishment, according to circumstances, within the positive limit which was prescribed. The words "and to be corrected" probably referred to the general correction of manners which the other part of the punishment was intended to produce.

Mr. Serjeant BEST cited a case from East's Reports, in which it had been ruled by the Court of King's Bench, that the words of the Act implied the corporal castigation of *whipping*.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL said, if such was the settled construction of the clause, he could only trust that, on a complaint of this nature, the Jury would think the smallest sum that could be issued by his Majesty's Mint would furnish ample compensation for any injury which the plaintiff had received, in not having been well whipped!

The CHIEF JUSTICE agreed with the Solicitor-General, that the decision of the Court of King's Bench, of which he had not been aware, must necessarily operate to send this question to the Jury. His original doubt had been, whether the warrant might not be amended so as to give the plaintiff the full benefit of the Act, of which benefit he complained that he had been deprived. The Jury would deal with the case as they thought a matter of this nature deserved.—Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, *One Farthing*.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER.

THE KING *v.* RIDGE.

This was a proceeding by Extent against John Ridge, Esq. calling upon him to pay the amount, with the interest thereon, of three bills for 1000*l.* each, drawn by the Earl of Moira and accepted by him, and made payable at Messrs. Biddulph and Co.'s.

Mr. DAUNCEY said, that Mr. Austen, a partner in the banking-house of Austen and Maunde, who had been a Receiver-General of Land and Income Tax for the County of Oxford, had become insolvent, and was considerably indebted to the Crown. The Crown, wishing rather to come upon any property of Mr. Austen than upon that of his sureties, issued an Extent, under which an inquisition having been taken, it was ascertained that he had the three bills in question in his possession, and the present proceed-

ing was instituted to compel the defendant to pay their amount, as they were accepted by him. He understood that the ground on which the payment of those bills was intended to be resisted was, that they had come into Mr. Austen's possession by usury. Why this defence had been set up, or how Lord Moira could have been concerned in an usurious transaction, it was not for him (Mr. Dauncey) to say; but certain it was, that such was the defence on which the payment of those bills was to be resisted. It would appear to the satisfaction of the Jury, that the bills were drawn and signed by Lord Moira, and accepted by Mr. Ridge; and indeed he thought the Jury would require some very strong and positive evidence, before they could believe that a man of Mr. Austen's experience would be so dishonest, and even so rash, as take more than the legal interest, where he must necessarily be exposed to detection and to the loss of his money.

John Green, a clerk to Mr. Ridge, proved that the signatures to the three bills were those of Lord Moira and Mr. Ridge. The bills were then put in and read. They were dated Portsmouth, 12th of April, 1813, and made payable twelve months after date.

Mr. CLARK observed, that his Learned Friend had anticipated the defence intended to be set up. That defence was, that these bills had been obtained by usury. He would show, from incontrovertible evidence, that treble the legal rate of discount had been taken in the first negociation of them; and if the Jury were satisfied of that fact, the Learned Judge would tell them, that whether this illegal discount had been taken by Mr. Austen or by Mr. Maunde, the effect was the same, and the amount of them could not be recovered in law. He should also observe, that the present process was not really instituted to benefit the Crown, but in point of fact to serve Mr. Austen. Nothing had been more remote from the intention of Lord Moira, than to resist the payof his debts: and in truth his Lordship had made such arrangements for the disposal of his estates, as to secure that object: nor would any resistance have been made to the present claim, but for the hasty manner in which the demand for payment had been pressed.

Major James proved that he was the confidential agent of Lord Moira, and had been in the habit of raising money for his Lordship for several years. In the month of April, 1813, in consequence of some instructions from Lord Moira, who was then preparing to go out to his government in India, he went to the banking-house of Austen and Maunde, to know whether they could cash some bills for his Lordship.—Mr. Maunde, who was the only person he saw, said he would try. In a day or two after he went to Austen and Maunde with four bills (out of six, of a thousand pounds each), drawn by Lord Moira, and accepted by Mr. Ridge. Those four bills had been handed to him by Mr. Ridge. He again saw Mr. Maunde, and from him he received 3400*l.* for the four, instead of 3800*l.* which he should have received, if only the legal discount had been deducted. The three bills (the subject of the action) were then handed to him, and he proved them to be three of the four which he had given to Mr. Maunde.—On his cross-examination he said that Mr. Ridge was the military agent of Lord Moira, and in that capacity he had been accustomed to accept his bills, and that he used also to accept them before he became his military agent. He (Major James) was in the habit of raising money for Lord Moira since the year 1801 or 2. Of late years his Lordship's credit had sunk considerably in the money market, and bills with only his own signature were not easily negociated. He admitted, that even with the acceptance of Mr. Ridge, the bills in question were not worth near their nominal value at the time he negociated them with Mr. Maunde.

A Gentleman at the table then rose and said—"My Lord, I wish to address a few words to your Lordship."

The JUDGE (Baron Richards)—"Who are you, Sir?"

"My Lord, I am the Solicitor of the Earl of Moira."

Baron RICHARDS—"Then, Sir, if you are Earl Moira's Solicitor, you should know your duty better. Sit down."

Mr. DAUNCEY contended that no case of usury had been made out; on the contrary, it was evident that Major James had sold the bills to Mr. Maunde. That more than their value was given for them was certain, from the fact of their being unpaid at the present time, though more than two years had elapsed since they became due. Major James had proved that the credit of Earl Moira had for a considerable time, previously to the issuing of these bills, been very much depreciated in the money market: and if ever there was a time when his bills would be of less than their nominal value, it must have been when his Lordship was about to leave this country for India. What were the facts?—That a few days (five) before Lord Moira sailed from England, he drew those bills in order to raise money. Mr. Ridge, who accepted them, had not at that time his usual credit in the money market. Would it then be believed that any man of common experience would have taken those bills at their nominal value? or could it be credited, that any man at all acquainted with the nature of such transaction would have risked his credit and his money, in taking more than the legal discount, when he might have done what was so usual on such occasions—purchased the bills at what he thought they were worth? The Jury should remark, that Major James was not asked whether he considered himself as selling the bills? His Learned Friend (Mr. Clarke) had stated, that this proceeding was instituted to benefit Mr. Austen, and not the Crown. He (Mr. Dauncey) denied that to be the case. The Crown might have recovered its debt by proceeding against Mr. Austen's sureties, but it thought that would not be the fairest mode of acting while Mr. Austen had any property of his own. The Jury would attach what weight they thought fit to the declaration of his Learned Friend (Mr. Clarke), that this claim would not have been resisted if payment had not been hastily pressed. Surely it could not be thought a hasty pressing for payment of the amount of bills payable twelve months after date when called for two years after they became due.

Baron RICHARDS told the Jury, that the simple question they had to decide was, whether those bills had been obtained by usury, or whether the transaction between Major James, on behalf of Lord Moira, was a *bona fide* sale of them. If they believed the former, they must find a verdict for the defendant; if the latter, they must find for the Crown.

The Jury, after half an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict for the crown.

CONSISTORY COURT, DOCTORS' COMMONS.

Monday, July 15.

MEDDOWCROFT v. GREGORY, FALSELY CALLING HERSELF MEDDOWCROFT.

This was a cause of nullity of marriage, instituted by W. Meddowcroft, Esq. of Liverpool, the father of W. Meddowcroft, the husband, against Mary Gregory, his wife, by reason of his minority, and the undue publication of banns. It appeared that the banns were published in February, 1815, at St. James's, Clerkenwell, in the names of William Widdowcroft, and Mary Gregory, widow; and before the solemnization of the marriage, the name Widdowcroft was altered into Weddowcroft, by the Clerk of the parish. On the part of the husband, it was submitted that this was an undue publication, and that the marriage was had clandestinely.

Sir W. SCOTT was clearly of opinion that it was a fraudulent publication, for the purpose of eluding the notice of those persons interested in preventing it; and therefore pronounced the marriage void.

Tuesday, July 16.

HARVEY v. HARVEY.

This was a cause of divorce instituted by Capt. Harvey, formerly of the 18th light horse, and afterwards Paymaster of a Recruiting District, against Lady Honora Elizabeth Hester, his wife, by reason of adultery. They cohabited together as man and wife, and had issue, till the year 1815, when a criminal intercourse was had by Lady Harvey with Lieut. Usher. In the beginning of June in that year Capt. Harvey went to Cheltenham. Lady Harvey arrived there on the 15th of the same month: on the very day Capt. Harvey set off for Cheltenham, Lady Harvey was observed to go to the lodgings of Lieut. Usher, in Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, where the adultery was stated to have been committed.

The Counsel on the part of Lady Harvey stated that it was impossible to oppose the charge; and Sir W. SCOTT accordingly pronounced for the remedy which the husband prayed.

OLD BAILEY.

On Monday, *John Roberts* was arraigned for having wilfully stabbed John Hall the groom. The Prisoner, upon the indictment being read, said he was not guilty, but being asked the usual question "How will you be tried?" refused to say that he would be tried by God and his country, and declared that he was Julius Cæsar the Emperor, and could be tried by none but his Majesty's Council.—Mr. Justice PARKE then directed that the Jury should be newly empannelled, to try whether the prisoner was now mute by malice or by the visitation of God.—The Jury being accordingly sworn in, several witnesses proved the insanity

of the prisoner. The Jury found the prisoner—"Mute by the visitation of God, and insane."—Mr. Justice PARKE then ordered, as the statute directed, that John Roberts be kept in strict custody until his Majesty's pleasure be known.

On Wednesday, *James Hoy*, aged 35, was charged with violating Elizabeth Pyke, a child under ten years of age. The girl stated the circumstances of the case. She was afterwards employed in a brothel, in going messages. The girl's father received a most impressive admonition from Mr. Justice Parke for allowing such an infant to attend a brothel. The miserable diseased situation of the infant, on being received into Bartholomew Hospital, was fully proved. In his defence, the Prisoner denied his guilt, and adduced several witnesses, who gave him an excellent character, as a good husband and a decent man.—A girl of the town (*Hannah Nicholson*) was called by the prisoner, to prove the child was a depraved character; but her veracity was very much weakened by a young man (*Thomas Hester*, a Compositor), who distinctly swore he heard Nicholson say, "I don't care whether I swear false or not, for I am determined to get Hoy off.—Mr. Justice PARKE summed up the evidence. At the conclusion he lamented the number of brothels in the city, and the indifference which the inmates shewed to the solemnities of an oath in a Court of Justice. He trusted some measures would be adopted for reducing the number of these houses.—The Jury, after retiring a short time, found the prisoner *Guilty—Death*.

James Welden was accused of marrying Jane Fleming in 1811, while his former wife was living. The marriage of the prisoner in 1793 and 1811, was proved by the registers of Cripplegate Church, and St. Dunstan's, Stepney. His former wife had separated from him in 1795, and had since lived a dissolute life.—Mr. Justice ABBOTT summed up, and the Jury found him *Guilty*.

On Thursday the Recorder passed sentence of death on A. Mendoza, for a highway robbery; D. Reardon, J. Quinn, and T. Connell, for colouring base coin, to resemble shillings; J. Hardy, for stealing a mare; J. Magrah, for a highway robbery; T. and J. Clayton, for a like offence; J. Hoy, for a rape on a child under ten years of age; J. Mahuffey, Eliz. Mahuffey, and Mary Mitchell, for coining sixpences; Catherine M'Manus, *alias* Mulvey, and Margaret M'Manus, for coining shillings; E. Gurling, for stealing in a dwelling-house; Margaret Welsh, for stealing privately in a shop; S. Bowerman, for stealing a gelding; R. Mincing, for a highway-robbery; J. A. Eglerton, for a detestable offence; B. Blunden, for stealing in a dwelling-house; J. Harrison, for stealing a mare; T. Culliver, for house-breaking; J. Hickey and M. Healy, for a highway robbery; and J. Copsey and W. Lewis, for a like offence.

POLICE.

Examinations are now taking place at Bow-street and the Mansion-house, respecting a gang of villains, about 12 in number, who, being connected with a Police Officer named *Vaughan*, have conspired together to ensnare inexperienced men into the commission of crimes, in order to betray them for the reward of 40*l*. on conviction. This horrible trade in blood will no doubt meet with a thorough investigation. Several innocent persons are believed to have fallen victims to this foul system; and it is feared that some may have even lost their lives on the evidence of these miscreants. The names of some of those under examination are, *Mackay*, *Hubbard*, *Ruthven*, *Drake*, *Barry*, *Ryan*, *Pelham*, and *Brock*.—*Vaughan*, the Bow-street Patrole, has absconded.

WORSHIP-STREET.

On Tuesday, *J. Hadkins* was charged with stabbing Mr. J. Thomas, with intent to murder him. J. Thomas deposed, that between 11 and 12 o'clock on Sunday morning the door of his room was burst open, and the prisoner immediately rushed into the room. He said, don't you know me?" The prosecutor answered, "Yes; I think I do—Good God! is there any thing the matter? if so, sit down, and I dare say we shall soon set it to rights;" but instead of sitting down, he drew a soldier's bayonet from under his coat, and exclaimed, "You d——d villain, I am come to murder you, and murder you I will," and instantly stabbed him in the breast. Prosecutor then attempted to wrest the bayonet from him, and called out "Murder;" when several neighbours entered, who seized the prisoner, and succeeded in securing him.—Sarah Gould, the landlady, came into the room, who said to the prisoner, "I believe you have killed the man" (meaning Mr. T); to which he made answer, "I hope I have pricked him to the heart." Witness added, that the prisoner told her the prosecutor had married his daughter without his consent, and had been the ruin of herself and family. She then sent for an Officer, and had him taken into custody.—The prisoner did not contradict the charge, and he was fully committed for trial.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Monday morning, an inquisition was held at the Greyhound, Kennington, on the body of *Eleanor Saunders*, who put an end to her own life by hanging herself. It appeared that the deceased was 62 years of age, and had lived for 22 years as cook in the family of Mr. Heath, of Hurleyford-place; that since she heard of the reported prophecy that the world was to be at an end, on the 18th, (Thursday last) it had such an effect upon her mind, that she grew uneasy and low spirited, frequently shutting herself up in her room to pray, neglecting her usual avocations, turning up her eyes to heaven and ejaculating short prayers as she went about the house to do her work, and every now and then crying out, "the Lord have mercy upon us, what will become of us?" and as the much dreaded day drew near, she became quite in a desponding state, and exhibited evident marks of a disordered mind. About seven o'clock, on Sunday morning, the unfortunate woman was discovered hanging by a silk handkerchief from a leaden water pipe, that ran across the ceiling in the kitchen; she was immediately cut down, and surgical assistance sent for, but she was quite dead.—Verdict—*That she came by her death by her own act in hanging herself, when in a state of mental derangement.*

EXECUTION.—A great concourse of persons assembled on Wednesday morning, to witness the law put in execution upon the person of *Peru*, the Spaniard, who had been respited from Monday, in consequence of some doubts having arisen respecting the transaction: these doubts, however, having been cleared up, he was ordered for execution. On Sunday he contrived to have conveyed to him in his cell a piece of bread and butter, which contained the blade of a knife, with which no doubt he meditated self-destruction; fortunately, however, it was discovered, and thus he was prevented from carring his purpose into execution. The unhappy malefactor was attended by the Rev. Mr. Devereux, the Catholic Priest, who impressed upon him the necessity of offering up his prayers to Heaven for forgiveness. From this moment he became extremely penitent, but would not admit the justice of his sentence. The Rev. Mr. Cotton and the under Sheriffs met him in the Press-yard, from whence he was conveyed to the fatal scaffold, where, after remaining a few minutes in prayer, he was launched into eternity. After having hanged the usual hour, his body was consigned to the Surgeons for dissection.

RECORDER'S REPORT.—On Friday the Recorder made his Report to the Regent of the prisoners capitally convicted in May Sessions, when W. Gregory, for forging a transfer for 25*l*.; Esther Sampson, for stealing goods in a dwelling-house; J. Boyce, for a forgery on the Bank; G. Maycock, for putting away a forged 2*l*. Bank-note; were ordered for execution on the 27th of July. The others were respited during pleasure.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Alfred Thorp, Esq. of Walthamstow, to Louisa Susanna, eldest daughter of the late Sir William Ploner, Snaresbrook, Essex.

On Saturday week, at the French Catholic Chapel, in King-street, Portman-square, the Comte Jules de Polignac, a French Nobleman, to Miss Campbell, a Scots Lady of fortune. Miss Campbell was accompanied by several relatives. They afterwards went to Mary-le-bone Church, where the marriage ceremony was performed over again, according to the rites of the Church of England.

DEATHS.

July 12, in Nottingham-place, in his 63d year, Vice-Admiral Sir Wm. Essington, K.C.B.

On Monday last, at Lord Bagot's seat, at Blithfield, Staffordshire, Georgiana Mary Sophia, fourth daughter of Walter Sneyd, Esq. of Keel.

On Wednesday last, William Tash, Esq. of Bloomfield House, Southgate.

Printed and published by JOHN HUNT, at the EXAMINER-Office, 21, Maiden-Lane, Covent-Garden.—Price 10*d*.